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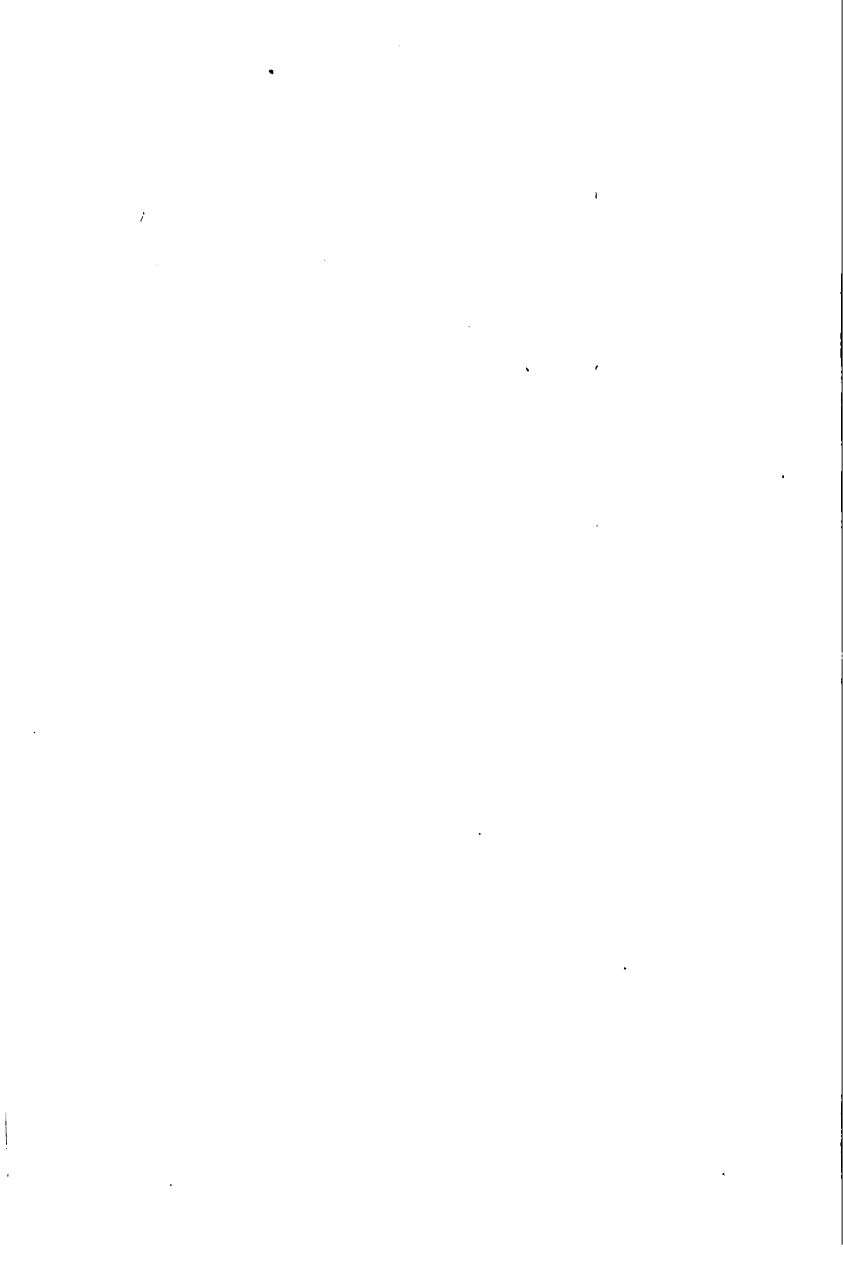
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ADDRESS
ON
DR. TEMPLE,

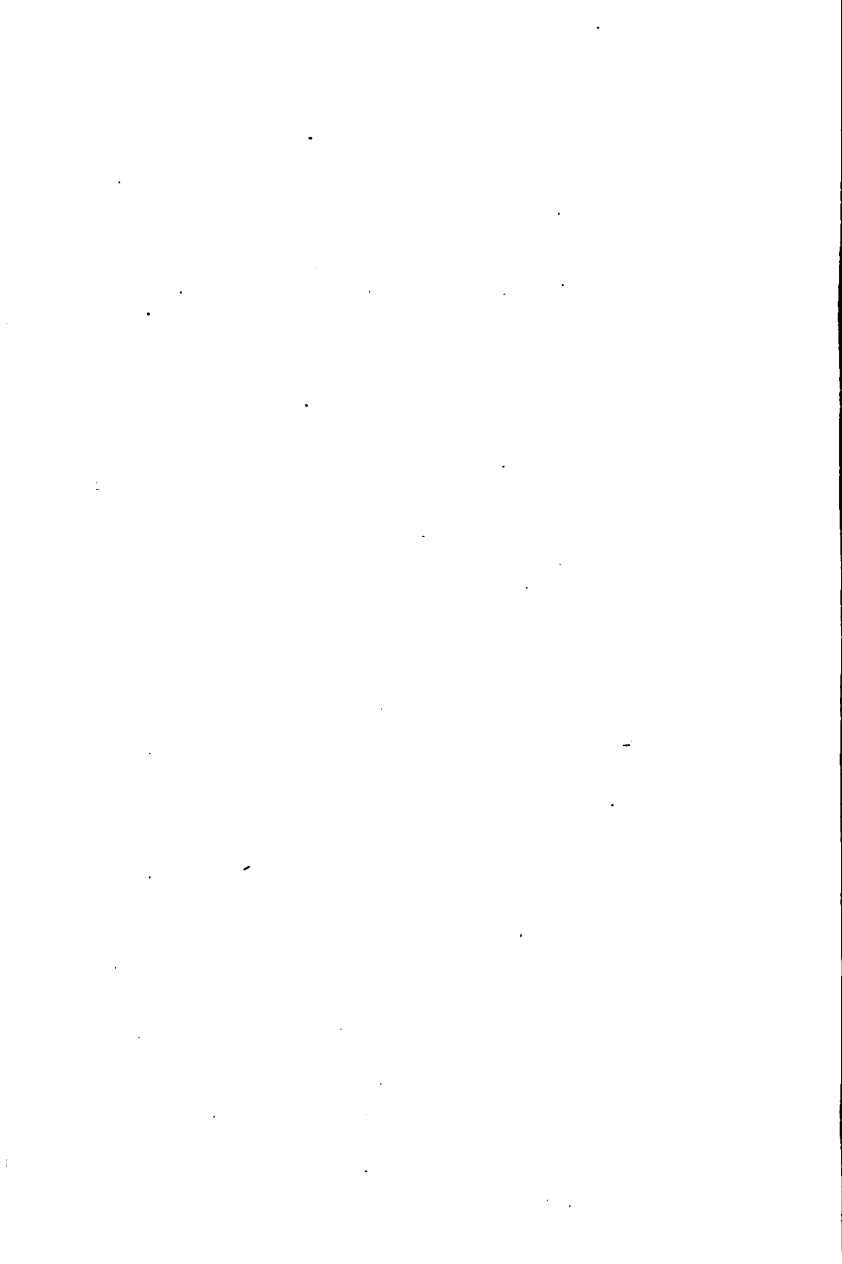
LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,
SOMETIME HEAD MASTER OF RUGBY SCHOOL,

DELIVERED IN
NEW BIG SCHOOL, RUGBY, ON SUNDAY, JUNE 28, 1903.

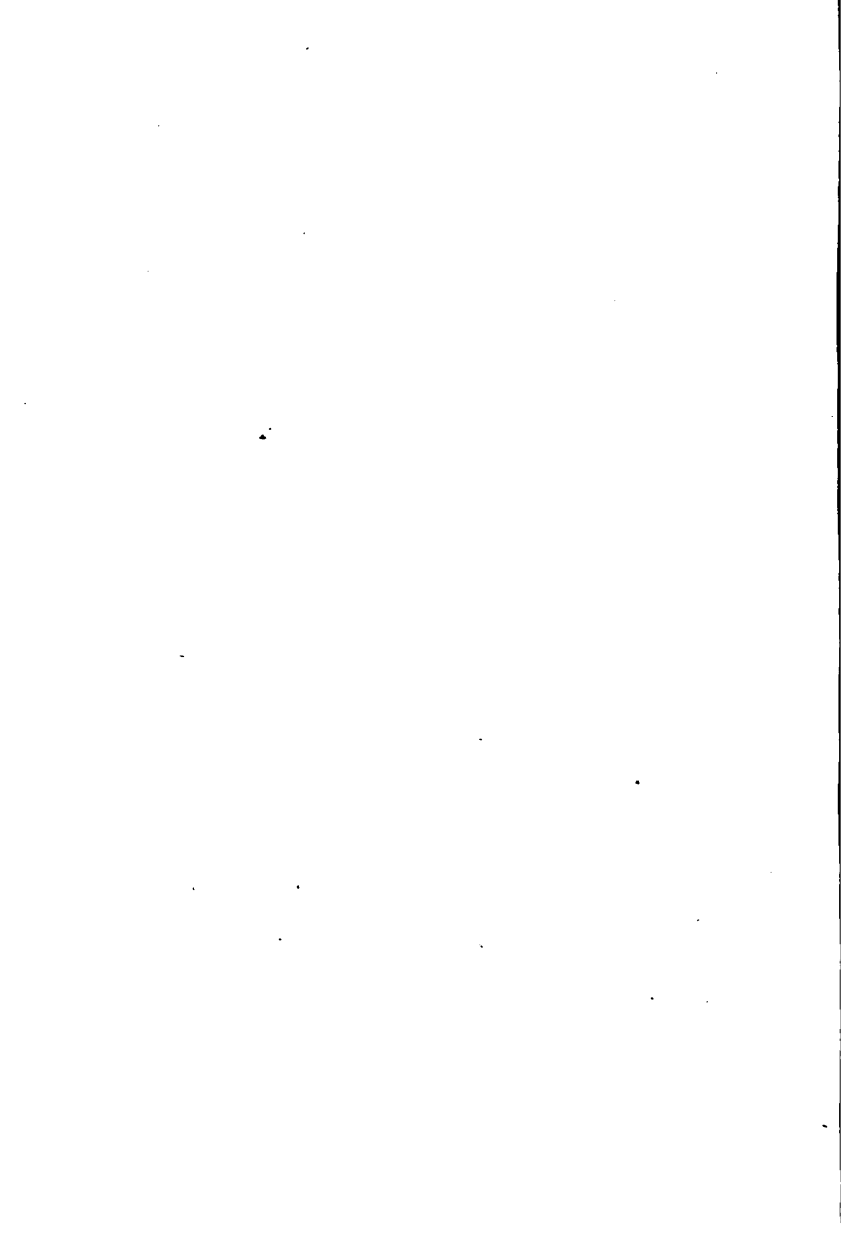
BY
E. G. SANDFORD,
ARCHDEACON OF EXETER.

LONDON:
SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE,
NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, W.C. : 43, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.
BRIGHTON: 129, NORTH STREET.

1904



ADDRESS ON DR. TEMPLE



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ADDRESS ON DR. TEMPLE

MY subject is Dr. Temple at Rugby—I have in my mind both the man and the place. Temple was a great personality who loomed large, but he never wished to stand apart as a superior being ; he regarded himself simply as one set to do his duty, wherever it called him, in the life of his day ; he came to Rugby, Rugby did not come to him. He exercised great influence upon the School, and it was different in many ways for having known him, but it was still the same Rugby, Rugby of the past and of the future.

I. So first let me say something of Rugby as he found it. It seems a long way back to go—very ancient history to *you*—it ought to seem ancient history to *me*—for the time of Temple's coming (1858) is as far removed from you as the antediluvian times of Wooll in the earlier years of the last century stood from me. But somehow or other it does not seem ancient history to me ; it seems but yesterday since on one autumn evening I passed down the passage to the door of the Old School House and said good-bye to school-fellows

who were standing there to see me off. Oh no, though it is forty-five years ago, and I have lived my life since then, it is but as yesterday. I am quite up to date, if not in muscle yet in feeling: I could still do strange things, "not in any way connected with the lesson," if I were sitting next to Arthur Sidgwick in the Sixth School; and but for a few physical disabilities (mere trifles) I could still help to beat Marlborough¹ as in those years 1855, 6, 7, when first we started the match. So let me go back to the days when our great master first came, "the great dear master that we loved of old," and say something about Rugby as he found it. The memories are fresh to me, and so perhaps I may make them fresh to you.

What were its main characteristics? Notice first the "baser things and the baser sort." There was bullying and coarseness, and there were big fellows who had nothing to commend them but their bigness, though I own that it was wonderful what fine fellows some of these made when a few years later they went to the Crimean War, and died, some of them, in the Redan, or in the trenches, or in one or other of the big battles: I never quite despair even of a bully, with these memories in my mind. But for the most part I put these things aside, just as the old chief always put aside the things that were not worth reckoning—they were there but they don't count, they were *not* Rugby.

¹ The Annual Cricket Match v. Marlborough was first played in 1855 and took place at Lord's in June of that year.

And I put aside also the nondescripts : some of them Rugby was making all the while, sowing the seed of its own true life, although the seed did not come up for many years after ; but I have always been afraid for the nondescript, the loafer, the neutral man, since the day when I heard that one of these, whom I well remember, developed into a most terrible and positive form of all that was unlike Rugby when he grew to manhood, the most signal instance within my experience of a Rugbeian that made shipwreck of his life. So I pass over these, they were not real Rugby. The chief thing in Rugby when true to type was Arnold's gift of moral earnestness, which was not really spoilt by the little priggishness of the many, or the much priggishness of the few. Temple with his habitual insight into the greater things saw this mark of moral earnestness from the first,—“It is impossible,” he says in one of his early sermons (1859), “for one who came here as I did a stranger to the place not to recognise on every hand the visible marks of what Arnold did. I am reminded of him and his sayings and his loftiness of purpose almost every week. I can see at times the reflection of his thoughts in minds that surely do not know from whom they have been learning. I can catch the echo of his words in many forms around me.” Temple saw it from the first, and he saw it to the last.¹ These were the words in his first sermon, and it is thus that he says good-bye. “The time

¹ *Temple's Sermons*, vol. i. p. 250.

has come when we are to part. For twelve years have I laboured here. The lines of work were laid down by a great servant of the Lord when I was yet a boy, and others followed him and did their part, and now I have taken my part in building that splendid temple which Arnold first planned. I have seen many go away to other scenes and other duties as God's Providence ordained. And now I go myself, but though we shall be parted, yet we can still help each other. Still this self-sacrifice to duty which Arnold taught and lived, still that preference for the true and the pure, and the just and the good, to all else whatever it may be, still the eye fixed steadily on the will of our Master, Christ, may be the ideal at which we aim, and which may bind us close together." ¹ In one word, moral earnestness was Arnold's lasting legacy to Rugby.

But Arnold had been dead sixteen years when Temple came, and supplemental influences were at work. Of these the most marked at the actual time of Temple's coming were, I think, first, the intellectual stimulus supplied by Bradley, the late Dean of Westminster, who was then master of the Fifth Form, the man who first awoke literary instinct and the power of reasoning in many a young Rugbeian; and second, the deep religiousness of Dr. Goulburn, the late Archbishop's immediate predecessor. To this, Dr. Temple never failed to do justice. I remember his speaking of it when he first came, noting the impression which

¹ *Rugby Sermons*, vol. iii. pp. 287-8.

Dr. Goulburn left behind him, and, if I mistake not, he referred to it with gratitude when he came to dedicate the Goulburn Memorial Window some few years ago.

Now I do not say that all these influences had left their mark in any very formal or mature shape on the Rugbeians whom Temple found when he came; but I think that the "genius loci" had so far worked that in all the better samples of Rugby there would have been found these three things—first, a sense that whether a fellow was religious or not, it was disgraceful to *lie*, and that life must be lived "worthily"; secondly, a sense that every one must play up for his side; thirdly, the sense of responsibility on the part of seniors to juniors—the big fellows, especially the Sixth and the Eleven, were bound to look after the little fellows.

II. Into this school-world with these various elements and leading characteristics came the great personality of Frederick Temple, in February 1858. We boys did not know much about him before he came; but there was a scarcely defined idea—one of those Bazaar rumours which spread through Public Schools—that he was "*the*" man, and would do great things. I recall watching, from a window in the School House opposite the old Sixth School, the Trustees engaged in the election, and speculating on their choice. I remember, also, that the fame of one of his main characteristics preceded him. Dr. Goulburn—unbending somewhat from his more dignified pose, as the time for his release

from school duties drew near, and reverting to the genial kindness which was his true nature—informed us in Big School that he had had a day's "innings" with the new Headmaster, who had "proved him with many hard questions" about the School ; and he added that if he worked us boys as hard as he had worked him, we should need half-holidays very often, and that for his own part he was very glad to grant in that particular case the half-holiday for which Dr. Temple had made request before leaving the School House.

Well, the anticipations were not belied. Temple came and made us work, and he came and did great things. He always believed in classics as the best instrument for the training of young minds, and as the door by which they came into communion with the world's most gifted thinkers, and he had a great contempt for sham superficial science, as indeed for shams of all kinds—"great stuff, much of it," he said ; but he believed in the "new world," unveiled by men who taught science with real knowledge, and he brought such men here as teachers. He did not believe in the policy of cutting the School into two sections, but he took pains to secure that Modern Languages and Drawing and Music were well taught by an adequate staff. He had sympathy with the best knowledge of all kinds and had his friends among the best representatives of it. One of these, on the side of art, was Madame Goldschmidt, the famous singer, better known by her maiden name of Jenny Lind ; her

son was entered in the School House, and she and her husband, Professor Otto Goldschmidt, were frequent visitors there. She used, in her kindness, to ask if the boys would like to hear her sing ; and they gathered in Big School, or on the staircase of the School House, while she would sing through the chief soprano airs of Handel's "Messiah" ; and I remember once how the Headmaster took her to one of the School Concerts in less artistic and scientific days than these, and ventured to ask her afterwards what she thought of the music—"Oh," she replied, with her usual touch of Swedish accent, "it was very nice," and then, to him responding, "I am glad you thought the music good," "Oh, it was not music," she answered, "but it was *very nice*."

His interest in education was not confined to the School. You know that while he was up to his eyes in work here he was in constant communication with the Public School Commissioners, and afterwards became the leading spirit on the Endowed Schools' Commission, and laid the foundation of an enlarged system of Secondary Education. He sowed seed, for the upspringing of which, with his usual marvellous patience, he waited forty years. In the last year of his life the fruit began to come, but in him once more is illustrated that pathetic principle by which the world moves on—"One soweth and another reapeth. . ." "Other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours." But he was no mere

theorist as to the development of education ; he practised what he preached, establishing the Subordinate School, building new buildings, enlarging the Close. Above all, as a kind of unconscious testimony to where his heart was, he projected before he went the new Chapel. The numbers of the School were 300 when he came, and between 500 and 600 when he left.

Thus he accomplished great things at Rugby : he won his spurs there as a great man of action ; but over and above his doings was the man himself, towering over every one else, not by special effort to that end, but simply by being what he was, here and through life, a veritable *ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν*. Let us look at him as he showed himself at Rugby from different points of view.

(1) The *human* side was always conspicuous. It had been first brought out, no doubt, by his early training, which gave him "communis sensus" in the largest degree, *i. e.* the instinct of fellowship with our common humanity. It showed itself, in undergraduate days, in the hearty laugh and almost boisterous hilarity of which we get a touch in John Campbell Shairp's poem on the group of Balliol Scholars. Here, it drew him into sympathy with all sorts of boys—young Philistines as well as young Grecians—"Well, Sandford, how's the cricket?" were his first words to me, and whether I was a Philistine or not, I was certainly a boy, and they drew my boy's heart to him and laid the foundation of a life-long friendship. Sir Redvers

Buller hit the point in characteristic phrase the other day at Exeter—"Bishop Temple was the *sturdiest* man I ever knew." There is a photograph taken not long ago at Croydon which portrays this side of him to the very life. I think he may have been caught by a snapshot, and I am just a little doubtful whether it is quite respectful to the Archbishop to like the photograph so well; but the old pupil and chaplain can't help it; for there he is, his very self, before one—pocket-book in hand, denoting the constant round of engagements; the rudely-tied scarf round the neck, denoting the watchful wife and the unconventional husband: and topping all, the strong and massive face, with the resolute mouth, and the smile, with just the suspicion of the great loving heart that was beneath all—a somewhat grim figure perhaps, but if you look closely, oh, how kindly and tender and true! But you had to "sit up" and "come along" and try to keep up. Oh, the dear old taskmaster!—I hear him still as he went pounding on in front up a Devonshire hill, "Why, Sandford, what are you stopping for?" I recall Arthur Butler halting on the ascent of Skiddaw, "Don't you think, Dr. Temple, we have gone high enough for all practical purposes?" I remember Canon William Lyttelton pushing him into the wayside ditch on the walk, that he might have a chance of edging in a word on his side of the argument, and standing over him triumphant—"Well, Temple, I have got you now, and you *must* listen." It was vigorous and homely

manhood without doubt; but how many an athlete amongst boys, how many a working man has been drawn into sympathy and lifted into respect, first of him, and then of himself, by the plain proof that he was dealing with a brother man; there was about him the "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin."

(2) And so, to rise to the *intellectual* side of the man, there was a wonderful breadth in his teaching. He knew most things, and all through life he was a kind of universal referee. Mr. Billington, the Rugby bookseller of those days, who had mysterious confidences to impart on all subjects, was once asked whether the Doctor was going to the Rugby ball: "Oh yes, of course, madam; the Doctor is a beautiful dancer." But I don't so much refer to the universality of his knowledge. I mean that, while he knew most things, he seemed to know them not so much as a scholar but as a man. Somehow, when a boy (or a man too) heard Dr. Temple put a thing, he did not feel as though he had to brace up his mind to high endeavour, in order to grasp it; it seemed a sort of thing that "any fellow might know." Perhaps there were some limitations here: he had not, I think, the stimulating power of Bradley as a classical teacher; nor Benson's delicacy of intellectual touch; nor did he inspire on the literary side; but this broad, human treatment of intellectual subjects was a death-blow to pedantry, and it held out a hope of mental salvation even to the dull. Moreover, it

broadened the intellectual interest and outlook of the pupil in many ways. There is many a man now living who first learnt from Temple an interest in politics on their wider side ; a sympathy with social problems, or rather, shall I say, sympathy with the conditions of the lives of poor people ; who first learnt from him to be keen for progress, and yet to reverence continuity in national life ; first learnt from him to love history, but to search it rather for principles than for precedents ; first learnt from him resolutely to look at both sides of a question before making up the mind, and with equal resolution to stand to the conviction when the judgment was formed : from him we learnt to keep the judgment, it may be in life-long suspense on doubtful points, while all the time holding to, and walking by, the light that was given ; to be in bondage to no party allegiances ; and to reverence conscience as the voice of God. There was one guide in life and one Supreme Court of Appeal—" If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God."

(3) And so, to pass to the *moral* side of the teaching—I have trespassed on that ground already, as no one can avoid doing who speaks of Temple ; because the moral and intellectual were in him so closely blended. For him the supreme end of education was the development of character, and character contained both a moral and intellectual element. If a pupil had caught anything of Temple's moral teaching, he would know that the

thing to be sought in every study, effort and activity, was *the higher life*. Duty, earnestness, intensity, were the theme of his sermons; and to look at the man and watch him in his daily life was unconsciously to hear him preach. He was the most unworldly and disinterested man whom I have ever known: self-discipline and self-sacrifice were the atmosphere of his early home, and he lived in it wherever he went, from boyhood to extreme old age. The younger boys at Rugby of course did not understand all this; but the meaning of his life and character gradually came home to the elder boys, and especially to his Sixth Form, many of whom would tell you now that he has been to them the most ineffaceable memory and lasting influence of their lives. But there was no "forcing of the pace," he trusted to the gradual growth, and to that "steady pressing forward towards the mark," on which he loved to dwell. Mr. Bryce, with his usual insight and happy touch, gives Dr. Arnold and the late Edward Bowen as illustrations of the best type of the earlier and modern teacher respectively. "Nothing," he says, "could be less like the traditional Arnoldine methods of teaching and ruling boys than Bowen's method was. The note of those earlier methods was what used to be called moral earnestness. Arnold was grave and serious, distant and awe-inspiring, except perhaps to a few specially favoured pupils. Bowen was light, cheerful, vivacious, humorous, familiar, ingenious, and full of variety. His leading

principles were two—that the boy must at all hazards be interested in the lesson, and that he should be at ease with the teacher.”¹ Perhaps Temple stands half-way between the two types, or rather combines some of the characteristics of each. He was intense, but he was not solemn ; not light, but yet always cheerful and buoyant. *Men* were afraid of him, but not boys,—their observation was too quick. It was a good thing sometimes to have been his pupil, for then you knew where you were, and with whom you were dealing. He was a great *man*, but he had once been a *boy*, and there was a bit of the boy in him still. It was good to see him poking fun.

(4) And when we come to speak of the *highest* teaching of all, we see the same characteristics with the same results. Goulburn’s intensely religious character was recognised by all and impressed many, but the outlook was not wide enough to bring him into sympathy with some of the ablest boys, nor had he quite enough of the human instincts to draw the more secular boys. Temple was altogether a man “of like passions with ourselves,” and there was about him that largeness of view and teaching which comes from focussing attention on *central truths*. The theological apparatus, in his sermons, if I may venture on the phrase, was limited: he chose only the *weightier* things, but into these he threw himself with all the intensity of his strong and fervent spirit. The

¹ Bryce’s *Studies in Contemporary Biography*, p. 346.

Fatherhood of God ; the supremacy of conscience, as trained by the Bible and fed by the Spirit ; Faith, the eye which sees the unseen, the power which "overcometh the world" ; above all, Christ, the answer to all desires, the fulfilment of all God's promises—His life, death and resurrection—these were the all-sufficient themes of his sermons, this the armoury from which he drew his weapons. It was not that there was not a background of strong definite historic Christianity behind ; nor that developments and sidelights were of no interest to him : as the scenes and needs of his later days called out the use of them, men saw that the great parent truths had of necessity brought their children to the birth ; but his teaching was regulated by the receptivity of his hearers ; he always waited till the hour was ripe for speech as for action. And one mystery at least his pupils should learn, one revelation at least should be made manifest, the central figure, Christ the Lord. And what a blending of tenderness and strength there was in that message as he delivered it. Most of us have heard great preachers since ; but nothing quite takes the place of Temple's preaching on Good Friday. The memory lingers still, as of something that was unique. I turned to that first Good Friday sermon on the morning on which I heard of his death : I think that many of us will turn to it when our own time to die has come. "O Lord Jesu Christ, take us to Thyself, draw us with cords to the foot of Thy cross ; for

we have not strength to come, and we know not the way. Thou art mighty to save, and none can separate us from Thy love. Bring us home to Thyself; for we are gone astray. We have wandered; do Thou seek us. Under the shadow of Thy cross let us live all the rest of our lives, and there we shall be safe.”¹

Such words may give you some idea of what Dr. Temple's religious teaching was on the individual side; it was a like inspiration on the collective side. The continuity and fellowship of the life of a great public school, as Temple felt their power, and expounded their significance, have been the basis on which many a Rugbeian has reared the churchmanship and citizenship of after-life. These are his words in Rugby Chapel on the Tercentenary Celebration. “The Church possesses within itself a peculiar connexion with the past, a memory of past examples, a tradition of past excellence. . . . It is a storehouse of moral influence, forming the character of those who successively come in, shaping the new life ever into harmony with the old, binding together, not merely all the members of the actual time, but with them also the past, and by anticipation the future, giving to the common life, not merely power and quickness, but a sense of perpetuity and the dignity that belongs to perpetuity. . . . It would be of course easy to ridicule a comparison between so merely human an institution as a school, and

¹ Temple's *Rugby Sermons*, vol. i. p. 13.

the divine creation of the Church of Christ. Yet remember where we are this day, and what we are doing. If this service means anything at all, surely it means that a school ought to be, and in some small degree it really is, neither more nor less than a fraction of the Church. If it deserves its name, it must aim in many respects at the same objects. In as far as it reaches its aim, it must be animated by the same spirit as that which animates the whole body of which it is a part. And, accordingly, for many years, the chapel and the chapel service have been in the very centre of our school life." ¹

I have thus tried to total up some small part of the debt which Rugby owes to Temple. He was always receptive, and so always able to lead. What then does Temple owe to Rugby? What did we give to him? Why, we gave him himself. Do you not think that his own sermons, with the fire throbbing in them, and the congregation of young, eager, upturned faces to which he preached them, drew him out? Moreover, we drew out his power of leadership—the leadership which inspires—and we drew out his personal attachment to the young. Mr. Bryce mentions, though he does not altogether accept, a criticism passed on another great leader of our times, Mr. Gladstone. "Many deemed him too much occupied with his own thoughts to show interest in his disciples, or to bestow those counsels which a young man prizes

¹ Temple's *Rugby Sermons*, vol. ii. pp. 321-3

from his chief." ¹ This criticism does not apply to Temple. The three chief influences on his life were, I think, his early home, Oxford, and Rugby. Yes, Rugby helped to make him: he is ours; he went from us into the greater world, but he was ours in it, and always will be ours—a great heritage for this School to prize and use. Some of us will naturally have the fullest share in him: he has been God's great gift to our lives; but he is for the whole School for all time. You shall know the true Rugbeian by seeing how far he has caught something of the spirit which Temple gained—the high aim, the unworldly soul, the insight to discern between what is great and small, the love of the past and the power of pressing forwards: above all—devotion to the Master, Christ.

And so he has passed into that "great cloud of witnesses" of which he often spoke. He did not think much of his own importance; he was just a man, so he would have said, who had to try, like Lawrence, to do his duty; he was content to be merged in the wider communion; he did not think very much about himself. But we will think of him, and know that for him the wider communion is the communion of the saints, and that in thinking of him, and setting him before us, we may come near to him again; until at last the veil is drawn aside, and we find the old man there in the Great Presence, and know him, as with his sure

¹ *Studies in Contemporary Biography*, p. 477.

simple faith he always said that we should know each other in the world beyond, and perhaps may be his disciples again—there, where the Great Master over all dwells, and the fellowship of His servants is complete.

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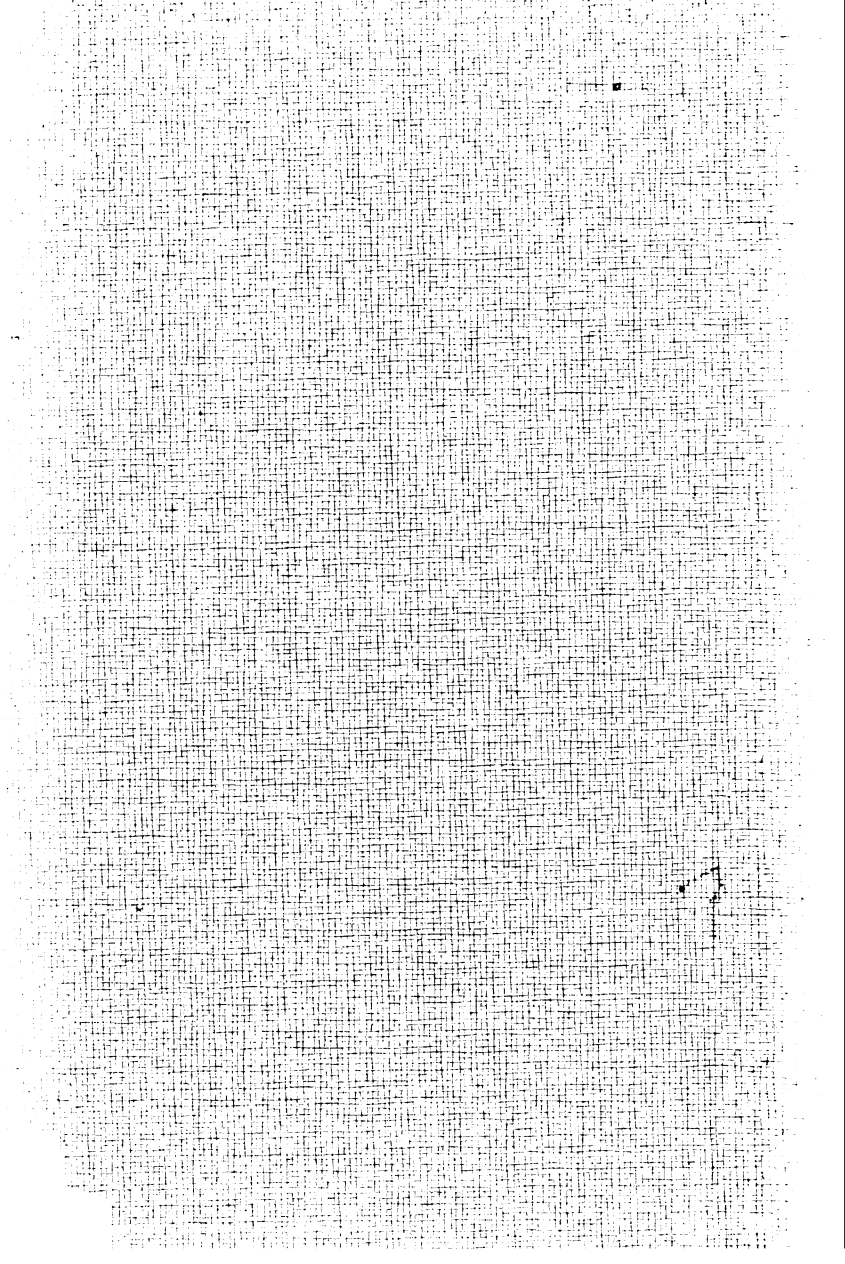


THE INFLUENCE OF "TOM BROWN."

THESE old friends of Tom Hughes who were present at the death of Mr. John Whitehead, the eminent field-naturalist and collector, comes from the island of Hainan, off the Southern Coast of China. He had gone to the Far East with the intention of completing the exploration of the fauna of the Philippine Islands, but as the insurrection was still in its acute stage, he made his way to Hainan. There he and all his collectors fell sick of the deadly fevers rife in the island. "I fear," he wrote in his last letter, "that I shall have to flee from this terrible and most unhealthy spot; but it was too late for flight. The Chinese soldier who

PIONEER NATURALISTS.

thesis rather than on that hinted at by "Miss Inasapia Paladino had and has some extra-ordinary she began to sit under the supervision of pro- would not such a woman, especially a Southern woman, comparatively low estimate of direct truth, have very," glided on from phenomena which she could really pro- duce to those which she thought she might possibly produce, out which, when it came to the point, she found she could only produce by fraud? Recollect all the circumstances,—the observers there, the idea of doing something wonderful that no human being has ever done before, added to the consciousness of real power. We do not think that in such circumstances the fact of fraud is at all strange, or that it ought to weigh very heavily against the mass of phenomena that are unquestionably genuine. That there was imposture in connection with the oracles of Greece and Egypt is probable. But that imposture did not prevent those oracles from being treated seriously, as were similar events in all countries throughout the ancient world. We must rid our minds of the idea that these things recorded by "Miss X" are abnormal. Rather is our modern experience abnormal, and the occult phenomena are the normal experiences of mankind. In such experiences we may expect to find fraud, as in trade we must be prepared to find adulteration and short weights. But we think these phenomena may be partly explained on the hypothesis we have set forth, and in any case we are not absorbed from the serious investigation of the phenomena themselves, if we claim to be governed by true scientific principles.





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